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## WAS NOT HIS SARAH.

Lieberman's Search for His Wife Discloses Another Case.

The Young Woman Left Home July 4 After a Family Quarrel.

Took Their Babe with Her and May Have Drowned Herself.

Simon Lieberman, of the firm of Lieberman & Benasraf, architectural workers, at 253 and 259 Eleventh avenue, is searching for his wife, Sarah, who disappeared on July 7, taking with her their ten-month-old baby Leon.

For the last few days the following persons have appeared in a morning newspaper:

DEAR SARAH: I am desiring to see you at our little home. Write where you are. I will come for you. SIMON L.

The personal was inserted by Mr. Lieberman in the hope that his wife would see it, if alive, and would inform him of her whereabouts.

This morning this personal appeared: SIMON L.—Call at 415 West 2d. and see S. D.

Mr. Lieberman lost no time in going to the address given. He was accompanied by his business partner, Mr. Benasraf, and the two made a thorough canvass of the building, which is a ramshackle affair, inhabited by poor people.

No one answering Mrs. Lieberman's description could be found in the house, however. Lieberman could not understand who had played such a trick upon him, but the mystery was cleared up by Dave, the bartender in the saloon next door to the building.

The answer to Lieberman's advertisement was not, Dave explained, intended to worry Mr. Lieberman. He said that a friend of his was named Sarah—Sarah Lieberman—and that she had a little son named Leon. The woman's husband died a year ago, and she had heard nothing from him.

Lieberman's personal, although signed "Simon L.", was, as thought, from her husband, who had assumed it for some purpose. According to Dave, she had come to answer the personal and have her husband come to 415 West street.

"You see," said Dave to-day, "I knew him and wanted to see how he looked before telling him that his wife was here. He was a wild chap and went off in a huff."

On learning that there was no hope of finding his wife to-day Mr. Lieberman gave an "Evening World" reporter facts concerning his disappearance.

Mrs. Lieberman left her home at 415 West Twenty-seventh street on July 4 after having had a quarrel with her husband over his alleged attentions to another woman. Lieberman declares that his wife was jealous without cause.

Lieberman took his wife, Sarah, a delicate child, a cigar-maker, of 120 First avenue, Lieberman bought his wife a new dress, and she changed her mind, and the traps were taken to his room again.

Mr. Lieberman's clerk of the hotel Lincoln, who was with him on the morning of the disappearance, said that Mrs. Lieberman called on his wife every day while she was in the hotel, and tried to persuade her to come home. He refused to do so, saying that Lieberman had been drunk, and that she would sooner drown herself than come home.

When Mrs. Lieberman left the Pickers' home she had \$100 and two silk dresses wrapped up in a bundle. She wore a shirt waist and a blue serge skirt when last seen.

Since her disappearance, Lieberman has been employed detectives and used every means in his power to find his wife.

Mrs. Lieberman is a pretty brunette, twenty-four years old. She has no relatives in this country. The baby, Leon, is the only child born to the couple since their marriage. Lieberman and his wife were cousins, and it is said that the marriage was opposed by the parents because of this relationship.

**WIFE-BEATERS DISCHARGED.**  
No complaints appeared against them in Yorkville Court.

For an hour yesterday Policemen Deland Rush, of the East Twenty-second street squad, had all he could attend to. In that time he arrested two wife-beaters and a man with a hammer. The prisoners were Daniel Callahan, thirty-five years old, of 419 East Twenty-second street; Timothy Delahanty, aged forty-four years, of 284 First avenue; and a man named John, aged forty-two years, of 336 First avenue.

At 6:30 o'clock he arrested Callahan for beating and kicking his wife, Mary, on the street. He no sooner had her locked up than he was called to 419 First avenue, where he found Delahanty assaulting his wife. Delahanty assaulted his wife with a hammer, and she with two blackened and swollen eyes. Yesterday when his wife's sisters called to pay a visit he drove them out of the house and then beat his wife into insensibility.

Rush locked up Delahanty, and when he came back on post he heard of Mrs. Delahanty's arrest. He was called to a hard drinker. She demanded money from her daughter yesterday to buy a new dress. When she refused she became furious, and seizing a heavy hammer, struck her daughter a terrible blow on the right arm, fracturing the elbow.

Not one of the complainants appeared against him in Yorkville Court to-day, and Justice Meade was compelled to discharge them.

**WIDOWED AND PENNILESS.**  
Sad Plight of Mrs. Gellier and Her Two Helpless Babies.

Of the many pathetic cases of misfortune which are so plentiful in a great city, that of Mrs. Alfred Gellier is especially noticeable. She is a stranger in New York, without friends, and practically without money.

## ACTOR SCANLAN'S SANITY.

Courmission Appointed to Inquire Into His Condition.

Not Believed that the Irish Comedian Can Ever Recover.

Lawyer A. H. Hummel has obtained an order from Judge McAdam, of the Superior Court, to-day, for an inquiry into the mental condition of William J. Scanlan, who has been in Bloomingdale Asylum for the past two years.

The application was made by Augustus Pitou, theatrical manager and friend of Scanlan. Mr. Pitou says in his petition that on Jan. 7, 1892, Mr. Scanlan was taken to Bloomingdale suffering from general paresis. He had many hallucinations. His mental condition first became manifest in 1891, when he was playing in "Mauvroune" in this city.

He was singing "Molly, O," when he stopped suddenly and said that he was a crowd of people in the gallery who were mocking him and trying to break up his performance.

He imagined also that there was an old woman in one of the front seats who was making remarks through the holes in the stage, and that they were making remarks through the holes in the stage, and that they were making remarks through the holes in the stage.

He declared that he had enemies who were making remarks through the holes in the stage, and that they were making remarks through the holes in the stage.

He said he had lost his brogue and was speaking in a foreign language. He believed that he could ever recover.

The estate of Mr. Scanlan is valued at about \$200. He has a wife, who lives at 10 West One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street.

**MR. PEEL IS INVISIBLE.**  
He May Start for Newport To-night, but Then He Has Started So Often.

Young Mr. Robert Peel, the big blond Englishman, ex-friend of Mrs. Langtry and Marie Tempest, who is in New York to enforce the engagement that he has made with the actress, Miss Kittle Sanford, granddaughter of Millionaire Henry Sanford, has very mysterious tastes. He likes to lie abed all day.

He has a room at the Hotel Lincoln, on Broadway, and he has a room at the Hotel Lincoln, on Broadway, and he has a room at the Hotel Lincoln, on Broadway.

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## ENVOIUS OF HIS OWN SISTER.

White's Mind Poisoned Against His Wife by Her Brother.

Induced to Desert Her, but Now They Are Again Reconciled.

Harry O. White, the young medical student who, as told in "The Evening World" some time ago, discarded his wife and took up quarters in Philadelphia, has returned to this city, and the couple have become reconciled.

He tells a remarkable story of the reasons which led him to discard her, and if true it puts her brother in a most unenviable light.

White lived at 315 Cherry street, and when he started for Philadelphia one month ago it was for the purpose of pursuing his medical studies there. The parting from his wife was affectionate, and he assured her he would shortly ask her to follow him to the Quaker City in order that they could make their home together.

Several days after his departure his wife received a bitterly worded letter from him, denouncing her as faithless and unworthy any longer to be the wife of Harry O. White.

The letter concluded by saying that Harry O. White, a young man who had been a student at the University of Pennsylvania, had been a student at the University of Pennsylvania, and he had been a student at the University of Pennsylvania.

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## POISONED HER BABY BROTHER.

Two-Year-Old Ida Peterman Gave Him Spirits of Camphor.

Thought She Was Giving the Infant Food.

Ida Peterman, two years of age, until to-day found a source of great pleasure in the existence of her brother, Louis, a sturdy baby, ten months old, the pet of his parents, who live at 40 Norfolk street.

Ida has frequently seen her baby brother take nourishment from a bottle, and has frequently held the bottle for him.

This morning little Ida took upon herself the task of feeding the baby. Her mother, who was in the room, saw her do this, and she was in the room, and she was in the room.

The agonizing cries of the baby brought the mother to the bedside at once, and she found her baby brother in convulsions from camphor poisoning.

Medical aid was at once summoned and the child was taken to the New York Hospital, where it lies in a critical condition.

**BOY TRAMPS FROM BOSTON.**  
Two Lads Journey from the Hub in Freight Cars and One Is Lost.

Agent King, of the Gerry Society, last evening rescued fifteen-year-old Michael Fennell, crying at Grand Central station, and sent him to his home in Boston.

Michael Fennell, a sturdy, well-developed boy, was seen by Agent King, of the Gerry Society, last evening, and he was seen by Agent King, of the Gerry Society, last evening.

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## RODE OVER A CLIFF TO DEATH.

Fireman Leo's Fatal Drive in the Catekill Mountains.

Horse, Wagon and Man Plunged Into a Fearful Chasm.

Full particulars of the manner in which Assistant Foreman John J. Leo, of Engine Company No. 4, met his death, while spending his vacation in the Catekill mountains, were received by Chief Engineer Dale, of the Brooklyn Fire Department, this morning.

Leo left Brooklyn on August 18, and was expected to return to duty to-morrow morning.

Last Thursday, while out driving, he was thrown down a steep embankment, together with his horse and wagon, and was instantly killed. The horse, by a sudden start, threw Leo overboard, and he was killed.

The story of Leo's ride to death is told by Frank Cole, an undertaker, of Catekill, Greene County, N. Y.

Leo was stopping at the Mattie House, East Windham, on Thursday night, and he was seen by Frank Cole, an undertaker, of Catekill, Greene County, N. Y.

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## ACTS LIKE UNATIC.

McEvers Bayard Brown Said to Be Growing Insane.

Lives on His Yacht and Whips His Crew Like Children.

His Cousin, William Bayard Cutting, Doubts the Story.

Mr. William Bayard Cutting read with considerable interest a story published this morning to the effect that his first cousin, McEvers Bayard Brown, has been discovered insane like a madman because of his yacht, the Valfré, at anchor in the harbor of Brightlingsea, a fishing village on the Essex coast of England, at the mouth of the River Colne.

For nearly five years Mr. Brown has lived on his yacht, never moving it from its anchorage. He has always had it manned by a large crew, including a captain, two deck officers, three engineers, a carpenter, four stewards, three cooks and a doctor; all of which involved an expenditure of about one thousand dollars a week.

According to the narrative which so interested Mr. William Bayard Cutting, this force of employees has been considerably diminished because of the peculiar methods of discipline resorted to by Mr. Brown.

It is said that when a member of the crew had in any way given Mr. Brown offense, real or imaginary, he did not proceed to punish the man to his presence. He waited until the victim was nicely in bed, and then suddenly dashed upon him with a stick, belaboring him until weary of the work, when he would build out of the cabin without saying a word. At other times, lashing the crew to the oar, he would have the men to his cabin, and there he would whip them with a stick, and then he would have the men to his cabin, and there he would whip them with a stick.

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